TV COMIC

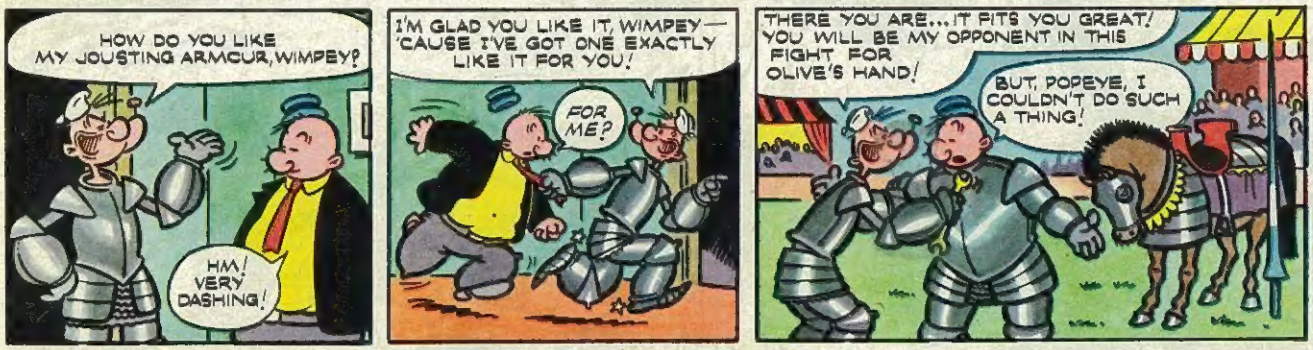
6D

HALLO, FOLKS! YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THE TELEGOONS ON PAGE 14

Every Monday | Week Ending 5th September, 1964 | Number 664

POPEYE

GOOD MORNING, MISS OYL... MAY I ASK WHY YOU ARE DRESSED IN ANCIENT COSTUME?
POPEYE IS GOING TO ENTER THE JOUSTING EXHIBITION AT THE LOCAL FAIR, AND I AM TO BE THE FAIR MAIDEN!
ADMIRABLE!
CLANK CLANK
UPON MY WORD... WHAT IS THAT UNEARTHLY DIN?


HOW DO YOU LIKE MY JOUSTING ARMOUR, WIMPEY?
HM! VERY DASHING!
I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, WIMPEY— 'CAUSE I'VE GOT ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT FOR YOU!
FOR ME?
THERE YOU ARE... IT FITS YOU GREAT! YOU WILL BE MY OPPONENT IN THIS FIGHT FOR OLIVE'S HAND!
BUT, POPEYE, I COULDN'T DO SUCH A THING!

IT'S ONLY A PRETEND BATTLE, WIMPEY— YOU WON'T GET HURT!
BUT ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN, YOU KNOW, AND I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!
BUT YOU WON'T GET HURT, I TELL YOU!
NO! NO! NO!
SNIFF
I'VE BEEN ARGUING WITH WIMPY, BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO FIGHT— HE'S JUST A LAZY, NO GOOD...
...BLOW ME DOWN... HE'S CHANGED HIS MIND QUICKLY... I'D BETTER GET MOUNTED MYSELF BEFORE HE THINKS BETTER OF IT!

CHARGE!
SHIVER ME TIMBERS... HE JUST RUSHED STRAIGHT PAST ME!
HAW! HAW! I DOUGHNUT THINK WE'LL BE SEEING WIMPEY FOR SOME TIME NOW!
CHARGE!
HOT DOUGHNUTS

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FIREBALL XL5

FIREBALL ships XL5, XL4, and XL3, have joined forces in an attack against space pirates on the planet Aridus. The pirates open fire from their hide-out in a mountain, but Steve uses XL5's T.N.T. rockets to break down the gun emplacements. Now the combined crews attack . . .

Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5"

BE CAREFUL, STEVE, THESE WILL DRY THE OXYGEN FROM THE AIR!
GET VENUS TO HAND OUT SPACE OXYGEN PILLS, MAT... THEY SHOULD SEE US THROUGH!
RIGHT, STEVE, LET'S CLEAN UP THIS DEN OF THIEVES!
DON'T GET OVER ANXIOUS, REG, LET THE SMOKE BOMBS DO THEIR WORK...
XL4
XL5
A FEW MINUTES LATER THE COMBINED FIREBALL FORCE MOVES IN AND DISARMS THE PIRATES. THEN THEY RELEASE THE PRISONERS...
I THOUGHT I WAS THERE FOR LIFE, COLONEL ZODIAC!
YOU'RE FREE NOW, CAPTAIN— THAT'S IF WE GET THE XL SHIPS REPAIRED.
THAT SHOULD NOT TAKE LONG, VENUS, NOT WITH ALL THE HELP AVAILIABLE!
BY WORKING NON-STOP FOR TWO DAYS, THE XL FORCE AND THE FREED PRISONERS SOON HAVE THE GREAT SPACE SHIPS IN TRIM. AND SO...
SPACE CITY, HERE WE COME! BOY, AM I LOOKING FORWARD TO SOME LEAVE!
YOU'LL BE LUCKY, MAT—BET A MONTH'S PAY ZERO'S GOT SOME OTHER TROUBLE LINED UP FOR US!
XL5
XL5
XL4
NEVILLE MAIN

An exciting new Fireball story starts next week.

Foo Foo and GOGO

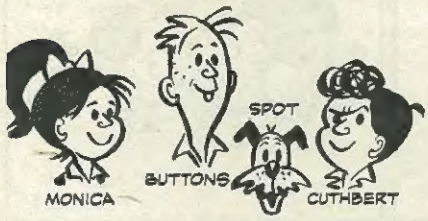
by Halas & Batchelor

THE LOCAL HOSPITAL REQUIRES TWO MALE ORDERLIES!
DAILY BOO
BEFORE LONG...
HOSPITAL RULES
YOU COULDN'T FIND EASIER WORK—JUST PUSHING THESE EMPTY STRETCHERS AROUND!
3 HOURS LATER...
SAY! I'M NOT USED TO ALL THIS WALKING! (PUFF!) I'M TIRED OUT (PUFF!) (PUFF!)
ME TOO! (PHEW!)
WHY DON'T YOU REST ON THE STRETCHER WHILE I FETCH TWO NICE CUPS OF TEA FROM THE KITCHEN?
GOOD IDEA! I'LL TAKE THIS UNIFORM OFF AND MAKE MYSELF COMFORTABLE!
NOW FOR THAT TEA!
OPERATING THEATRE
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
SOON...
AH! THE NEXT PATIENT, I'LL BE BOUND! BRING HIM IN, NURSE!
Z Z Z Z Z
UNDOUBTEDLY AN ADVANCED CASE OF BLACK FUNGITIS ON THE FACIAL EXTREMITY...
OPERATING THEATRE
WE MUST OPERATE AT ONCE—SCISSORS!
?
CRASH
SNIP! SNIP!
BANG!
YEOW
BIFF
OPERATING THEATRE
GRR! IT'S YOUR FAULT!! LET ME OPERATE ON YOU A BIT, MY LAD!!

Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"

Next week, Foo Foo 'hedges' into a first prize!

TV TERRORS



THEY'RE TELEVISING THE OPENING OF BRINEYSEA ILLUMINATIONS TONIGHT. WE MUST WATCH THAT!
BUT WE'LL MISS ALL THE PRETTY COLOURS. LET'S GO AND SEE THE REAL THING!
SO...
IT'S NEARLY DUSK— THE MAYOR WILL SOON BE SWITCHING THE LIGHTS ON!

BUT MEANWHILE, HOPPIT HAS ARRIVED TO HELP THE TV PRODUCER...
LEAVE IT TO ME, SAH! I'LL MAKE SURE THE CAMERAS HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM!
YOU LOT CAN CLEAR OFF FOR A START!
RUN! IT'S HOPPIT!
QUICK — UP HERE!
LIGHTING ENGINEER

More laughs with the Terrors next week!

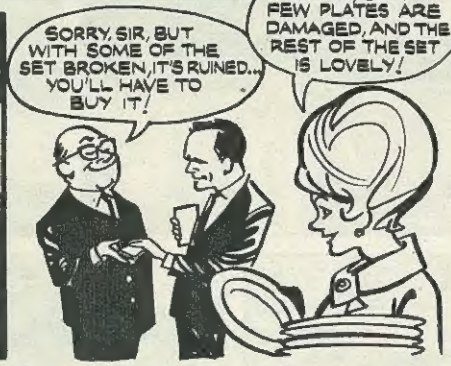
MIGHTY MOTH
DAD SPRAY
I'VE GOTTA GET RID OF THAT MOTH! I'VE JUST GOTTA!
OH, DEAR — HE'S AT IT AGAIN! I WISH HE'D CLEAR OFF SOMEWHERE AND GIVE ME A REST!
LATER...
YOU'LL HAVE TO FACE FACTS, DAD. YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
EXHAUSTED!
YOU'RE RIGHT! I'VE DECIDED TO FACE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE HERE AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!
IN FUTURE I'LL BE KIND TO YOU, AND TO PROVE IT I'M GOING TO BAKE YOU A NICE TWEED BIRTHDAY CAKE! WAIT HERE!
THAT'S NICE OF YOU, DAD, BUT IT'S NOT MY BIRTHDAY!
DON'T TELL HIM, FOLKS, BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING HE WON'T BE AROUND WHEN HIS REAL BIRTHDAY COMES!
SO...
HEH-HEH-HEH! INSTEAD OF CANDLES, I'LL USE STICKS OF DYNAMITE!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...
I'LL LIGHT THE CANDLES FOR YOU!
GOODY—THEN I'LL MAKE A WISH!
FIZZZ
I'M OFF! HE'LL NEVER BLOW THOSE FUSES OUT!
SO, TO THE NEXT ROOM...
ANY SECOND NOW!
WISH!
BLOW!
PLOP!
PHHHHZZZ!
BANG!
WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW? MY WISH HAS COME TRUE! DAD'S GONE ON A JOURNEY AND WON'T BE BACK FOR SOME TIME! HO! HO! HO!

Next week, Millicent Moth comes to stay!

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

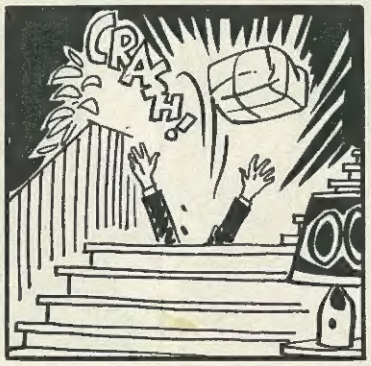
DAD—I WAS THINKING OF MAKING MUM A WOODEN TEA TROLLEY FOR HER BIRTHDAY PRESENT!
GOOD IDEA, SON. YOU GET ON WITH IT, WHILE I TAKE HER TO AN AUCTION FOR HER TREAT FROM ME!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL, JUNE, DON'T SCRATCH YOUR NOSE OR WINK, OR WAVE AT FLIES, BECAUSE THE AUCTIONEER WILL THINK YOU'RE BIDDING!


SORRY, SIR, BUT WITH SOME OF THE SET BROKEN, IT'S RUINED... YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY IT!
NEVER MIND, DICKIE, ONLY A FEW PLATES ARE DAMAGED, AND THE REST OF THE SET IS LOVELY!

OUT OF MONEY, DICKIE AND JUNE HEAD FOR HOME...
WELL, WE GOT IT HOME WITHOUT BREAKING ANYTHING ELSE!
...DICKIE, LOOK WHAT RICHARD'S MADE!

OH, RICHARD—A WOODEN TEA TROLLEY! IT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED!
NOW YOU'RE HAPPY, I'LL TAKE THIS STUFF TO THE BEDROOM FOR SORTING OUT!
DAD! NO!



Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"

Next week, Dickie lays a foundation stone.

SUPERCAR

BASED ON THE A.P. FILMS LTD. AND ASSOCIATED TELEVISION LTD. SERIES "SUPERCAR".

MIKE and Popkiss are helping an old friend who is trying to set up a new WorldWater speed record, but in the first attempt the boat crashes. While the jet boat is being repaired, Popkiss works on an idea to keep the water clear of debris . . .

HOW'S IT GOING, PROF?

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT THIS, MIKE, YOU CONCENTRATE ON HELPING BILL GET 'THUNDER' READY.

FINISHED! WE'LL GIVE A TEST BED RUN FIRST... THEN FOR THE RECORD ATTEMPT.

AND SO...

STAND BY! HERE WE GO!

OH, MIKE—I HOPE EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, RONA—WE'LL MAKE SURE THERE'S NO DEBRIS FOR THE BOAT TO HIT THIS TIME!

IT'S GREAT! WE'RE READY WHEN YOU ARE, MIKE...

OKAY, BILL—I'LL MEET YOU OUT ON THE STARTING LINE!

THERE YOU ARE, MIKE—NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SURE, PROF. LET'S GET GOING!

AND SO...

READY, BILL?

READY, MIKE... AWAY YOU GO!

TWO RECORD RUNS LATER...

OH, BILL—YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT!

STEADY, HONEY—IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MIKE...

OH, MIKE...

IT WASN'T ME—PROF'S THE MAN TO THANK!

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR!

IT WAS A... AHM... PLEASURE!

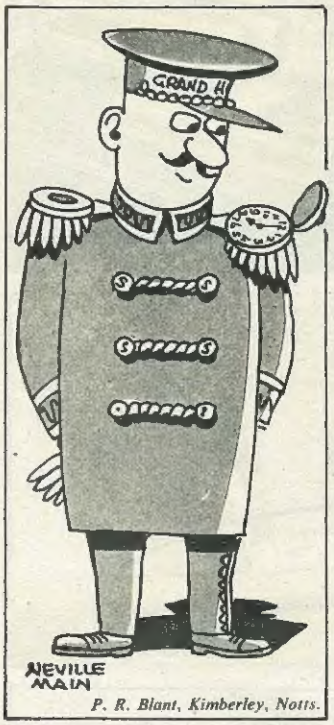
WE BET IT WAS, PROF! HA! HA! HA! HA!

THE SUPERCAR CLUB LUCKY LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 69,316

A thrilling new Supercar story starts next week!

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

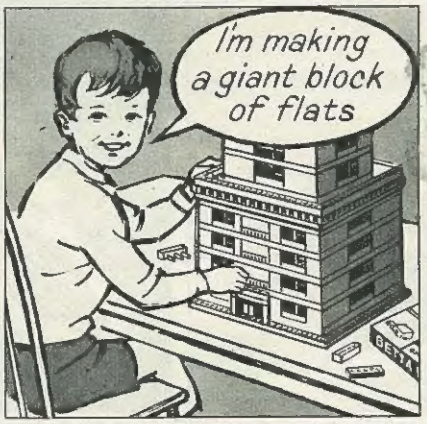


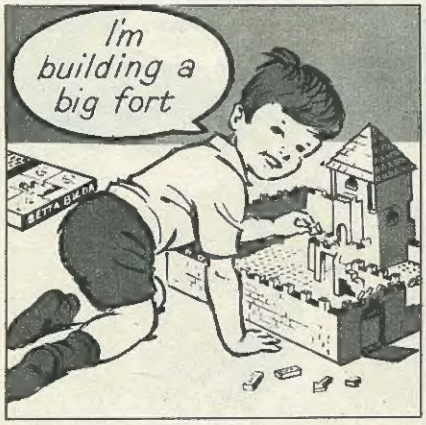
P. R. Blant, Kimberley, Notts.

B. Shaw, Pendleton, Salford, 6.

P. Lyall, Guildford, Surrey.

G. Christopherson, Lancashire.





You too can build them and lots, lots more with

AIRFIX

BETTA BILDA

It's easy! With each Betta Bilda set there are pictures showing you what to build and how to do it. There are doors and windows with panes just like real ones. There are roof tiles and bricks too, which click together when pressed and can be taken apart just as easily for the next exciting building.

There are five Betta Bilda sets – 6/6d., 10/6d., 21/-, 29/11d. and 50/-. There are over twenty accessory packs of doors, windows, tiles, bricks, etc., which when added to Betta Bilda help to make even bigger and more exciting buildings! 1/8d. each.

SEE BETTA BILDA AT TOY SHOPS AND F. W. WOOLWORTH NOW!

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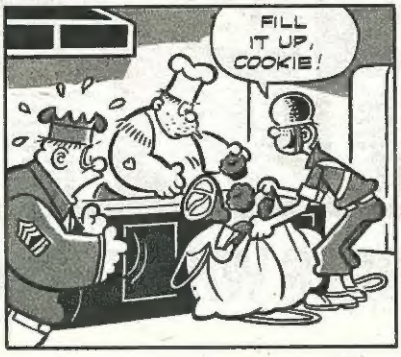
BEETLE BAILEY

THERE'S PARACHUTE JUMPING ON TOMORROW. I'LL FIX IT SO THEY HAVE TO GO UP JUST BEFORE LUNCH — THEN I'LL HAVE THE CANTEEN TO MYSELF!

HEY! I'VE JUST REMEMBERED — THE FIELD WE LAND IN IS JUST BEHIND THE CANTEEN!
I KNOW, BUT IT TAKES A LONG TIME TO DRIFT DOWN IN A PARACHUTE.

BACK AT CAMP SWAMPY...
YUK-YUK! I'LL HAVE THE CANTEEN TO MYSELF! PORK PIES — MMMM! COLD HAM AND PICKLES — YUM-YUM! HARD BOILED EGGS...
CANTEEN



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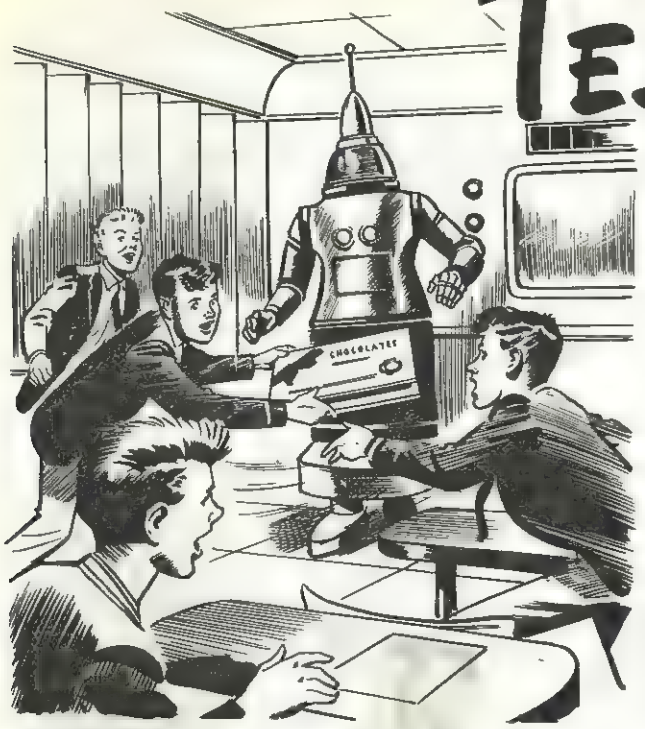
Next week, Beetle Bailey day dreams!

GET THESE 3 BIG THRILLS WHERE YOU BUY YOUR WALL'S

DR. NOLAN'S TELEVARSITY



BOODLE'S BIRTHDAY

EARLY one morning Dr. Nolan was busy at his desk when the study door opened. All doors opened of their own accord at Televarsity when anyone approached them. But what approached and entered this morning would have startled most people.

It was a round, short pillar-box on rollers. Rolling up to the desk it stood for a moment while its works ticked over, then suddenly sprayed a sheaf of letters into a wire basket.

"Ah!" said Dr. Nolan. "The morning post."

That was what it was. All letters and parcels were delivered in this way at Televarsity. The mechanical Postie shot them out through his letter box by means of compressed air. He was also full of radar and electronic gadgets which enabled him to sort them by the special marks on the envelopes and wrappings.

Having made his delivery, Postie raised his lid. He looked like a little man raising his hat. He did this so that Dr. Nolan could post any letters he wished to send off. Taking another tray from the desk, Dr. Nolan tipped them into the little robot, whereupon Postie closed the lid.

"Thank you," he said, speaking from a record.

Later on, Postie would rumble down to the gates and shoot his collection out into the bag held by the Post office man. Right now, however, Postie was still on deliveries for the college.

Out onto the travelator he went and rumbled up the moving ramp to the dormitories, where the boys were just rising. He did this every morning, but on this particular morning there was something quite special about it.

It was Boodle's birthday!

Boodle was so sleepy he had almost forgotten the fact. But a glad cry escaped him as Postie entered the dormitory and came straight towards him.

"Crumbs! I've got a present!" he exclaimed.

So he had. Recognizing Boodle by a special mark on his jacket badge, the mechanical postman stopped in front of him and did some more ticking. Then, coughing up a large parcel, it deposited this into Boodle's ready hands.

"Coo!" yelled Boodle as he tore off the wrapping. "Chocolates! What a lovely big box."

Boodle's pals gathered round eagerly.

"D'you remember all those marbles I gave you?" cried Bodger, hoping for a chocolate.

"They all rolled down a drain," said Boodle coldly, holding on tightly to his box.

"What about that elastic glider I gave you, too?" cried another boy, also hoping.

"The elastic was broken," said Boodle, dodging out of the way.

Boodle was not mean. He simply knew he hadn't enough chocs for everybody. And everybody, it seemed, suddenly wanted to be pals with him.

Clutching his enormous box, he hurried down to the dining room, where breakfast was served as usual on a conveyor belt.

But Boodle didn't want much breakfast. As soon as he could, he rushed out of the dining room, still clasping his box.

"Cor!" exclaimed Bully Grogan of the Fifth. "What have you got there, Boodle?"

"It's chocs!" yelled Kane, Grogan's pal. "Hey, gimme one, Boodle."

"Gimme half-a-dozen," said Grogan fiercely.

Boodle gulped. Ducking round the bullies, he leaped on to the travelator, which whizzed him along to the fourth form room. Here he was safe from Kane and Grogan, but the rest of the fourth soon streamed in after him, and they were all very friendly to Boodle.

"Good old Boodle," said Bodger. "Best pal I ever had."

"He's a good, kind chap who always treats his friends properly," put in Blenkinsop, an earnest youth with horn-rimmed spectacles.

Boodle opened his locker and thrust the chocolates hastily inside.

"We've got work to do," he gulped.

Boodle's pals gazed at him severely.

"Yah!" said another boy named Chumley. "Stingy old Boodle."

Boodle didn't care. The TV screen had brightened, and all the boys had to settle down to the morning's work. The video tape that Dr. Nolan had switched on from his study was a lesson in history.

It was quite an exciting one. On the screen, the boys were shown a film of the battle of Marston Moor, and every boy was supposed to watch it closely. Afterwards they would have to write an essay on it, and there would be trouble if they did not know what had happened.

Boodle looked round cautiously. All eyes were on the screen. Carefully easing up the lid of his locker, he licked his lips as he gazed at that lovely box of chocolates. And he had just picked out a nice big one when there was a rumbling sound from the front of the class.

Boodle had forgotten the robot monitor!

All classrooms at Televarsity had such a monitor, whose duty it was to see that the boys behaved themselves. And Boodle had also forgotten that all presents, before being delivered to the boys, were passed through a ray so that they could be distinguished by the monitor's radar.

By this means the robot could tell whether there was anything in the room that was forbidden during lessons. And sweets and chocs were strictly forbidden!

Boodle gave a yelp as the mechanical figure rolled towards him, arms outstretched to grab the box. His yell made everybody look round at him, and Bodger was quick to see what was happening.

"Over here!" he exclaimed. "Pass them to me—quick!"

Groaning inwardly, Boodle handed Bodger the precious box. If he had not done so, the robot would have grabbed them. But the monitor still had its radar eye on the box. Whirling rapidly, it rolled down the aisle and trundled round to Bodger, who was now in the same fix as Boodle.

"Pass them on, Bodge!" yelled Blenkinslop gleefully. "I'd like one too."

"Don't you, Bodge!" Boodle wailed. "Hide them somewhere—quick."

At that moment the bell rang for morning break, and the door opened and in came the little Postie. Postie was making his second delivery. The flap over his slot opened as he shot a letter out to Blenkinsop. Then he raised his lid, waiting as usual in case there was anything to collect.

Bodger had a brainwave. Without stopping to think, he tipped the chocolates into the mechanical postman.

"Thank you," said Postie, closing his lid.

Then he made some funny noises, appearing to suffer from indigestion. There were no wrappers or addresses on the chocolates, and he didn't know what to do with them.

"You idiot!" Boodle howled. "How am I going to get them back?"

Bodger scratched his head. All he had been looking for was a good hiding place which he had found, but without addresses, the chocs would become lost property. And lost property was always returned to Dr. Nolan.

Next week, Boodle tries to get his chocs back.

THE TELEGOONS

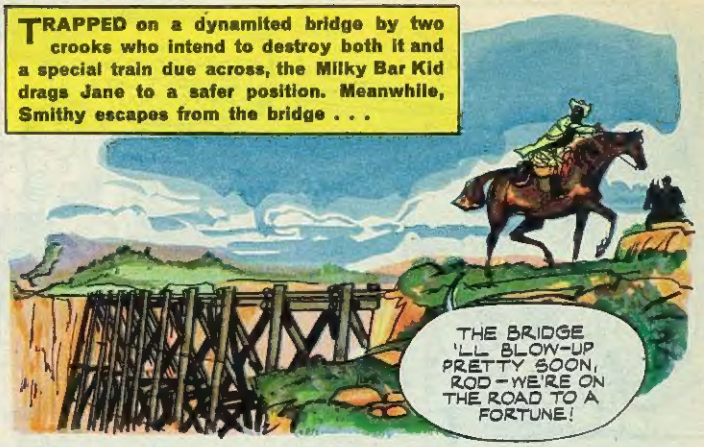
NEDDIE, WHEN WE CAME IN HERE WE WERE RUFFIANS, BUT YOUR MUSIC HAS MADE US GENTLE AND KIND!
YOU MUST HELP OTHERS WITH YOUR MUSIC!

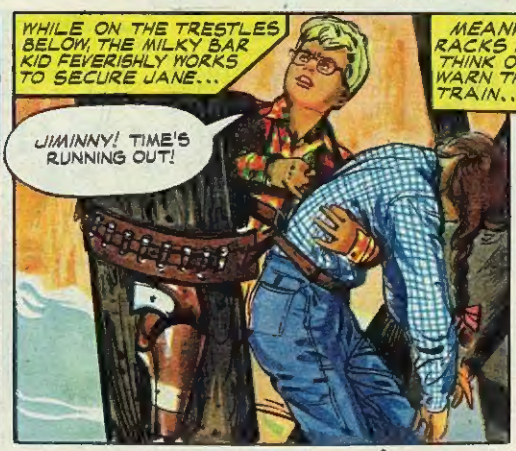
OKAY, CHAPS. LET'S GIVE THEM A BIT OF MENDELSSOHN'S 'SPRING SONG'!
SO...
THAT MUSIC! CRUSHER, OLD CHAP, I COULDN'T LAY A HAND ON YOU!
AND I COULDN'T HARM YOU, MANGLER, MY DEAR FRIEND!
SHAKE HANDS, MANGLER.
HELP HIM ON WITH HIS DRESSING GOWN, CRUSHER!
IT WORKS! WITH THIS SWEET MUSIC, ALL THE TOUGH GUYS WILL BECOME KIND AND GENTLE!
SO...
JUST LISTEN TO THAT! ISN'T IT CHARMING?
ABSOLUTELY SUPERB!
BILL TIDDOMBE
I THINK YOU MODS ARE JOLLY NICE FELLOWS!
AND ROCKERS ARE A MAN'S BEST FRIEND!
ISN'T IT MARVELLOUS! EVERYBODY'S FRIENDS WITH EVERY BODY ELSE!
ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR MUSIC. AND TO THINK OF THE STUFF WE USED TO LISTEN TO!
WHAT STUFF WAS THAT?
WELL, COME AND LISTEN FOR YOURSELF!
SAY, THIS IS GREAT!
DA... REAL WILD!
WE OUGHT TO PLAY THIS STUFF!
SO, AT THE OLD AGE PENSIONERS' CONCERT...
CRAZY!
PLAY THAT THING, MAN!
LATER...
DEAR, DEAR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE OLDER GENERATION IS COMING TO!
TAKE THAT!

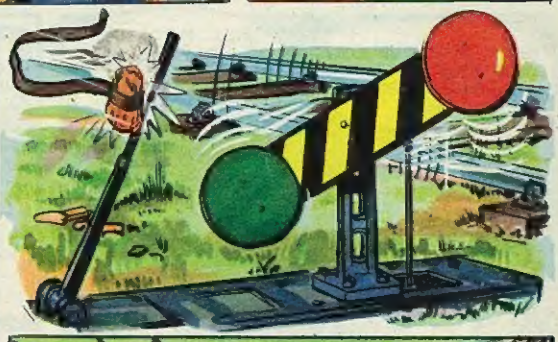
Next week, film producer Neddie has 'extra' trouble!

The MILKY BAR KID

TRAPPED on a dynamited bridge by two crooks who intend to destroy both it and a special train due across, the Milky Bar Kid drags Jane to a safer position. Meanwhile, Smithy escapes from the bridge . . .







It's thrills galore in next week's Milky Bar Kid!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION